The Newberry Herald and News.

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A MID WINTER CYCLONE.

Horrible Loss of Life in Pennsylvania Cities—Wind Which Crushed Brick Walls Like Egg Shells.

PITTSBURG, PA., January 9.—At 12.30 to-day during a heavy storm of wind and rain the new four-story building on Diamond street, near Wood, and in the rear of Rea Bros.' and Weldon & Co.'s, on Wood street, fell with a crash that was heard for many squares. The force of the falling building was so great that the rear walls of the two other buildings mentioned were crushed as if they had been made of paper and their front walls fell upon the pavement on Wood street, burying several people in the debris and mingling some horribly. Of these two were a girl and a boy and one a man unknown, all of whom were taken in a patrol wagon to their homes or the police hospital. The falling walls crushed in buildings in Diamond Street, occupied by Geo. Freaxter, barber, and W. C. Thomas, dealer in shoe findings, and badly damaged portions of the buildings occupied by Joseph Etchbaum, on Fifth Avenue, and J. R. Wadon & Co., book sellers, and Rea Bros., stock brokers, on Wood Street. The catastrophe created intense excitement and in a few minutes the streets surrounding the fallen buildings were blocked with people. Hundreds of willing hands, heedless of the damage to themselves, went to work to extricate the victims of the terrible accident.

Up to 4. p. m. 42 persons have been taken from the ruins of the Diamond Street building. Of these four were dead and several so badly injured that recovery is almost impossible. A large number are still buried under the debris. Martin Hiller, just taken out of the barber shop, said "there are four more in there" and then became unconscious.

The storm last about thirty minutes and was the heaviest known in this section for years. The wind blew a hurricane while the rain and hail fell in torrents.. A number of other buildings were damaged by the high wind. A portion of the foundry of McIntosh, Hemphill & Co., on 130th Street, was blown down but as far as known no one was killed or injured there.

PITTSBURG.—LATER.—Up to ten o'clock to-night forty-three persons had been taken from the ruins, and there is no doubt that others are still buried. All were promptly carried home or to hospitals, so an exact statement can not be made, but the facts seem to be that eight were killed outright or died shortly after being removed and thirty-five others were injured, a number of them fatally without a doubt.

READING, PA.—A cyclone passed over this city this evening doing considerable damage and causing heavy loss of life. A silk mill in which 250 girls were employed blew down just before the hour for quitting work. Everything is in confusion. About the same time there was an explosion and fire in the same neighborhood by which eight men were burned to death.

READING, PA.— LATER—The storm was a cyclone, and its track was only two hundred feet wide. The explosion referred to in a former dispatch occurred in the car shops of the Reading Railroad Company. In the paint shops were nine passenger cars ready to go out. Their gas tank, a building of brick, was demolished. The cars overturned and some of the gas chambers exploded and the gas took fire. Other gas chambers also exploded. The cars were burned and all that the storm left was burned.

Thirty men were caught in the ruins. Four of these were burned to death and the remainder crawled out, some of them badly hurt.

The silk mill when struck by the storm cloud crumbled as though built of children's toy blocks. Up to the present writing the extent of human injury there is not known, but it is appalling to contemplate. A great many other buildings were demolished in whole or in part, and other casualties are reported to human life; but the latter at the silk mills dwarfs everything else at present.

SUNBURY, PA.—At 5.30 this evening a rain and wind storm came up suddenly and blew over one of the stacks of the Sunbury Nail Mill. The mill is situated between the Reading and Pennsylvania railroads, on the outskirts of the city. The first is a puddling mill having six furnaces. Stack No. 2 was thrown over on the roof, dropping with it stack No. 3. They crashed through the slate roof, completely demolishing the puddling department of the mill. Thirty-eight men were employed in this department, and half of them were buried in the debris. The fire alarm was sounded and soon hundreds surrounded the mill. The men were carried out half naked and men are at work yet as it is supposed several others are in the ruins. Two men were taken out dead, nine are seriously injured and four are missing, supposed to be dead in the ruins of the mill.

DREADFUL DETAILS OF THE CALAMITY AT READING.

READING, Pa., January 10.—The loss of life by last night's disaster is now placed at over one hundred. There are many still in the ruins, and the workmen are actively engaged in removing the debris and rescuing the victims.

During the day the mayor issued a proclamation appealing to the citizens for aid. The hospitals and undertaking establishments are filled with the victims. The physicians are all busy, and many private houses have been opened for the accommodation of the injured.

The story of the storm is ringing in all ears. It appears that it had been raining very hard during the early part of the day, the water coming down in sheets, but at half-past three everything pointed to a complete cessation of the storm.

Dr. E. C. Wetherall, who suffered the loss of a broken arm by being struck with a flying brick, said to-day that at four o'clock he concluded to go out, thinking the rain entirely over. Suddenly heavy, black clouds became noticeable in the west, a tremendous gale sprang up, and in less than five minutes the whole force of the storm struck the town. Out in the country houses and barns were unroofed, farm houses and barns were overturned, and destruction spread in every direction. The track of this destructive element was not more than two hundred feet wide, and it is lucky that it only touched the suburbs of the city. It came from the west, but passed along the northern border of Reading. First, it touched the M. T. Penn stove works, ripping the roof off. Then the storm-cloud scurried across some fields, took off a portion of the roof of J. H. Sternbergh's rolling mill, and a number of dwellings were unroofed, The storm hurried across the property of the Reading railroad company and crossed the railroad. At this time it was almost as dark as night.

Nearly alongside the tracks of the Reading road was situated the paint shops of the Reading railroad company, a one-story building about 60 by 150 feet, where thirty men were employed in painting passenger cars. There were eight or nine of these in the building. The building was struck square in the middle and bricks scattered as if they were playthings. Cars were turned topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the debris.

There was a considerable quantity of gasoline in the building, and this added fuel to the flames shot heavenward with the roar of musketry. Some twenty of the men had a chance to crawl out of the debris, but four of their companions were enveloped in the embrace of the flames. They were quickly roasted to death, and the fire from the passenger cars lit up for miles around. In the meantime, the fire department was called out, but its services were unavailing. The building and cars were consumed in fifteen minutes, and nothing left but blackened, smoking ruins. The loss to the railroad company is fully $75,000.

While this was all going on the storm was traveling forward with fearful rapidity. It struck and unroofed a dozen private residences. Huge sheets of timber were carried half a square away. Then the storm proceeded in its fury.

Directly in its path, at the corner of Twelfth and Marian streets, stood the Reading silk mill. Here about 275 girls were working. The size of the building itself was nearly 300 feet in length and about 150 feet in width. It was surmounted by a massive tower, fully 100 feet from the ground. The funnel-shaped storm cloud struck the building directly in the center on its broadest side, which faced the west. It fell to pieces as if composed of so many building blocks. Nearly 200 human beings went down in the awful wreck. The wall gave way, the floors fell down, one on top of the other, and carried their great mass of human beings to the bottom.

Girls with blackened faces, bruised and broken limps, their clothing tattered and torn, dragged themselves from the ruins. At some places the bricks were piled twenty feet deep, and underneath these are probably lying human bodies by the score. About 250 girls and young women are usually employed in the mill, but at 4 o'clock about eighty were relieved from duty for the day. They returned to their homes before the storm came. The most reliable estimate places the number in the building when it went down in the neighborhood of 175, and as before stated, 100 of these were rescued by friends and dragged themselves out immediately after the accident.

The alarm for relief was immediately sent out, and in a short time thousands of citizens arrived to help get out the dead and dying.

When the people arrived, everything was enveloped in darkness. Fire companies left the burning paint shop and assisted in the rescue of the dead and dying. The entire police force was called out, ambulance and relief corps, and a thousand people were among the debris, carrying out bricks, pulling away timbers, and assisting wherever they could, all at the same time, but their work was slow compared with the demand for the rescue of the victims of the disaster. One body, noticed as it was dragged out, had its head cut off. Others were in various postures; the living all suffering from most terrible wounds, and some almost scared to death.

In one part of the basement five bodies of young girls were lying close together, pinned down, and it was impossible to get them out. They were dead and beyond human aid.

The silk mill was built about four years ago. The builders were Reading capitalists, and the cost of putting it up was $60,000. The mill was than leased to Grimshaw Bros., of Patterson, N. J., where they operate similar mills, and they have been running it ever since. The machinery cost $45,000, and this is a total loss.

DEATH OF A FATHER IN ISRAEL.

The Rev. Wm. Martin, the Oldest Methodist in South Carolina, Gone to His Reward—A Sketch of His Long and Useful Career.

[Special to News and Courier.]

COLUMBIA, January 10.—There will be pain, in many homes far distant from Columbia when the news which follows is read, for he who passed away to-day was a pioneer in his Church, a long and patient worker in all good things, and an example in blameless living to the thousands who knew him.

The Rev. William Martin, the oldest Methodist minister in South Carolina, died at his home in Columbia, shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon. He had been seriously ill for three week, but it was not thought that death was near until the last hour arrived.

Mr. Martin's life work is summed up in the minutes of the South Carolina Annual Conference for 1883.

"Joined Conference in February 1828, was five years presiding elder, eleven years on stations, nine years on missions, twenty years in college service, hospital service, etc., one year supernumary and four years supernumerated, making sixty years in all of connection with the Conference."

Mr. Martin was born March 9, 1807, in Mecklenburg County, N. C., where his ancestors had been signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Members of his family had fought under Braddock and served in every subsequent war in this country. In his semi-centennial sermon preached before the South Carolina Conference on December 12, 1887, and printed by the Conference, are found interesting reminiscences of Mr. Martin's life. His family were Presbyterians, but having been converted while a lad, at a Methodist camp-meeting, he joined that church in 1825. He was soon licensed to exhort, and on December 1, 1827, became a preacher before he had attained his majority. He was recommended to the South Carolina Conference at Camden, and was admitted on trial and appointed for 1828 to the Broad River circuit, now the North Georgia Conference. In 1829 he went to an Alabama circuit, with headquarters at Columbus, Ga., a town then without a church. Thence he visited the Asbury mission in the Creek Nation. In this year he aided in clearing the ground and settling up the wooden pillars for the first church in Talbotton, Ga. Returning to South Carolina Mr. Martin was, in January 1830, ordained a deacon by Bishop Scule. His long and varied service subsequently cannot be described in detail, but one fact will show how great a space of time his ministry has encompassed.

In 1828, when Mr. Martin was admitted to the South Carolina Conference on trial, that Conference embraced the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, a large section of North Carolina, and the Creek Nation in Alabama. Some of the works of Mr. Martin were the following: He assisted in building every Methodist Church in Columbia. He was the founder of the famous Wayside Hospital, where so many Confederate soldiers were tended, and devoted himself to its charge. He was for three years the president of the Columbia Female College, for one year chaplain of the Lunatic Asylum, and for eight years chaplain of the Penitentiary. Eight years he spent in mission service among the negroes.

After the destruction by Sherman of the Washington street Methodist Church. Mr. Martin labored for years to raise funds for its rebuilding. He collected and paid out every dollar for the erection of the Main Street Church and founded the Columbia city mission, which is now the Assembly Street Church. For fifty-two years he has been indentified with Columbia, and in all these years he has illustrated in his blameless life, his labors of love and charity, his broad benevolence, the hightest qualities of the man of faith and religion.

M. Martin leaves a widow, a son and a daughter. His eldest son was one of the first victims of the war, dying in Fort Moultrie at the very inception of hostilities.

On Saturday, in the Washington Street Church, where he was ordained and married, the funeral services of Mr. Martin will be held, and he will be buried in its churchyard.

KEEPING IT OUT OF THE COURTS.

The South Carolina Railroad will Probably Pull Through—Arranging for Money to Settle Old Scores.

[News and Courier, 10th.]

A gentleman, who is intimately acquainted with the affairs of the South Carolina Railway, but whose name is suppressed for obvious reasons, said yesterday that there were good reasons for entertaining the hope that the Old Reliable would be able to pull through its troubles.

"I have received letters from a number of Northern men," he said, "including President Talmadge, Mr. John C. Calhoun, and others, which lead me to believe that we will be able to settle our troubles without the aid of the courts. In fact, that is the one thing that the friends of the road desire to do, to prevent its falling into the hands of a receiver. To this end we are directing all our efforts to keep the road out of the courts. It is possible, in fact, I might say probable, that we may be able to raise money enough to settle matters, but I don't think it will come from the stockholders nor from the income bondholders.

"No, I am not able to say at this time who it will come from. The one thing needed is money, and this we hope to raise. The South Carolina Railway is very closely allied with the Three C's Road, and the two combined will make a strong combination. If the road goes into court it will go into the hands of a receiver, and that will involve the expenditure of a large amount of money, which neither road can well afford at this time.

"So our efforts are directed to effect some arrangement by which the road can be continued without having to go through the Courts."

Marriage of Dr. J. A. Miles and Miss Butler.

[Special to the World.]

COLUMBIA, January 10.—This afternoon at 5.15 o'clock Trinity Church was the scene of a very pretty marriage ceremony. The groom on this happy occasion was Dr. J. Allen Miles, of Charleston, and the bride Miss Fannie R. Butler, of this city, daughter of the late Henry Butler, Esq. Attending the chief actors in this pleasant and important little drama was Mr. Sam G. Stoney, of Charleston, accompanied by Miss Cornelia Coppock, of Newberry.

To the "concord of sweet sounds" which pealed from the organ, the bridal party entered the church. First came the ushers, Messrs. B. B. McCreery and James H. Adams; Dr. Miles, the groom, with Mrs. Butler, mother of the bride; Mr. Sam G. Stoney, the "best man," with Miss Cornelia Coppock, of Newberry, and then the bride with her brother, Mr. St. John Butler. The party made their way to the altar, when the Rev. A. R. Mitchell, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, performed the ceremony, making Dr. Miles and Miss Butler man and wife.

Dr. Miles is thoroughly known in Charleston, where his talents have placed him in the front rank of his profession, that of dental surgeon. All those who knew Miss Butler are cognizant of the fact that the gentleman who has just wedded her displayed unusual taste in the selection of one to share with him the fortunes of life. She is both brilliant and beautiful, and in this pleasant and happy epoch has the best wishes of battalions of friends.

Although it is not generally possible to correctly forecast what the "noon of a bright morning" will be, yet in the case of this young couple who have just assented to the marriage vows, it seems safe to predict for them a future wherein happiness and prosperity will dominate.

From the church the bridal couple were driven directly to the depot, where they took the afternoon train for Charleston, their future home.

How to Dignify the Mechanical Arts.

[Prof. Thos. Davidson in the Forum.]

We have seen how the literary education, which we now consider so essential, was regarded in old England—as ungentlemanly. It is not so long since the physician of leech was, as Hallam says, "an inexhaustible theme of popular ridicule." The barber's pole, so common in our streets, recalls a time, not so long past, when the barber practiced blood-letting and other medical arts. It is within our own memory that the dentist stood on a level with the barber; indeed, the two were often the same person. How is it that all this is changed, that literature, medicine, and dentistry have become gentlemanly occupations? Simply, I think, because they are now taught scientifically, and institutions have been established for that purpose. It may be laid down as a general rule, that whatever is taught in school will soon become respectable and gentlemanly, while that which is picked up in the home or the workshop will always be regarded as menial.

Why She Took Lessons.

[New York Sun.]

Julius Eichberg, the well known Boston musician, tells the story of an early experience: One day a lady somewhat advanced in years came to make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing. At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell her that her ear was not true. She received the remark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as badly as before. "I am afraid," said Mr. Eichberg, "that you can never learn to sing in tune." "Oh, it doesn't matter," was the surprising answer. "Doesn't matter!" said the astonished teacher. "No," said the pupil. "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons."

Thought He Could Stand It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnny?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing room.

"Nope," replied Johnny. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Irene's married."

Not Qualified to Judge.

[Lincoln Journel.]

Teacher—Now, if you stand facing the west, will the north be to your right or left hand?

New Scholar—I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; I'm a stranger in these parts.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MUSTER.

The Colonel with His Cockade Hat and Dazzling Epaulets—Reviewing the Militia—Kettle Drum and Squeaky Fife.

[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.]

An old-fashioned muster was equal to a modern "Mardi Gras." The governor was the commander-in-chief, but as he could not be personally present the militia were reviewed by proxy. Every county had an aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He held his rank and title as long as the governor held his office, and he was expected to holler for him and talk for him and boom him, and, if necessary, he must fight for him on a suitable occasion. If the governor failed of re-election, these colonels had to retire too, and a new set were appointed, but the old set never lost their title, and so the State in course of time got pretty full of colonels. On muster day the colonel wore a cockade hat and a red plume and epaulets and a long brass sword and big brass spurs, and horse pistols in the holsters of his saddle, and he and his personal staff rode up and down the lines reviewing the militia, who were drawn up in a double crooked straight line in a great big field that was full of gullies and broomsedge. Some wore coats and some didn't; some wore shoes and some didn't; but none wore beards, for in those days none wore beards but gamblers. Some were armed with shotguns and some with rifles or muskets, but most of them carried sticks and cornstalks and umbrellas, and they stood up or squatted down at pleasure, and about half the time were hollering for water.

THE COLONEL AND HIS STAFF.

The colonel and his staff rode up and down the lines on fine horses that danced and pranced like there were tacks under the saddles. The roll of each company was called and every man answered to his name whether he was there or not. Then the colonel took a central position and faced the long audience and waved his glittering sword and exclaimed: "Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms, right face, march!" Then the kettle drum rattled and the fife squeaked and some guns went off half cocked, and the militia gave three cheers for the colonel and were disbanded until the next muster. Old man Brooks was the chief musician in my day, and would not have exchanged this office with the king of England. He always played "Brooks' March" for the militia to locomote by. They never marched or kept step by the music, but they got along somehow by walking and trotting and pacing and fox trotting by turns.

Old father Brooks played his part well in the drama or farce, or whatever it was. He magnified his office. He loved music. He said his fife was his life and his fiddle was his riddle. On his last bed he sent for my father to come and see him. Old and wrinkled and cadaverous, he motioned to be propped up in his bed, and then, with an inverted chair behind his pillow, he pointed to his fiddle that lay upon the shelf near by, and it was handed to him. Hugging it to his old bosom he smiled amid his tears and whispered: "I wish that I could play you one more tune." That night the old man died, with his left hand closed hard and rigid around the neck of his violin.

After the muster was over then came the horse racing on quarter nags and horse swapping, and of course some pugilistic exercises in front of the groceries.

FISTS, SKULLS AND FINGERS.

Jim Bowles was the center of a crowd from his beat, and stripped to the waist he pranced around and popped his fist in the palm of his hand, and jumped up and cracked his heels together three times before they struck the ground, and gave a wild Injun whoop and exclaimed: "I'm the best man in Pinkneyville district." About that time big Jim Robinson jumped up in the center of another crowd and yelled: "I'm the best man in Ben Smith's deestrict," and Nick Rawlins screamed like a panther from another crowd, and gritted his teeth and shook his hair and yelled: "Gentlemen, my Betsy Jane says I'm the best man in Rockbridge deestrict, and I reckon she ought for to know."

It was just like gamecocks crowing in the barnyard, and, like the cocks two of them soon got together and went to fighting, and everybody stood around and shouted, "Hands off, gentlemen. Hands off; let 'em fight fair and square." And they fought hard and fought long, and when one of them got to be the bottom dog in the fight and hollered "enough," the show was over, unless the victor dared to crow again, and had to tackle another rooster. I have known Nick Rawlins to whip three brag men in one evening, and Nick was no bad man either. Everybody liked Nick. He had fit and fout and fought until he had lost a finger and a snip out of his nose and a piece of his left ear, but he was never mad. Nick told me not long ago that he never did love to fight, but when he courted Betsy Jane she 'lowed that when she married a man he had to be a man all over, inside and out, and so he got to fighting on her account.

But these old times are gone—gone never to return. Even the preachers who used to take off their coats in the pulpit have conformed to more polite customs. Their sing-song sermons are heard no more—nor the nasal attachments that were something between a shuffle and a snort. Old father Dannelly and his wooden leg are dead and so is old Barny Pace, who said to the Rome girl who went out to hear him just for the fun of the thing: "If that town gal with the green bonnet on her head and the devil's martingales around her neck and his stirrups in her ears, don't quit her gigglin', I will pint her out to the congregation." We have more manners now, though our morals may be at a discount.

Living With Others.

[Mrs. Angeline E. Alexander in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.]

A sensible mother once said: "In preference to every other accomplishment, I shall endeavor to teach my daughter the art of living with others." An art it is, and one that must be cultivated with assiduity, patience, and determination to succeed. Home ought to be the nursery of virtue and purity, of happiness and truth; but children should be taught that they need not expect to find the same surroundings, influences and tastes in the other homes that they will in a few years enter. Being forced into sharp contact with the world, will compel us to live and act in a different manner from what we are accustomed in the charmed circle of home.

Let us examine some of the principles that govern the practicability of living with others. A thorough conviction that there are wide differences in human nature and human intelligence must be acquired at the commencement of social ethics. Out of this knowledge spring nearly all the rules that will apply to the art of living in peace with others. For, after all, peace is the most that can generally be hoped for in life's intercourse; happiness is a rarer thing, and is often but the sequence of that peace which is gained only by concession—not concession that involves principle, which would create a false and deceitful kind of peace, as evanescent as unreal, but an amiable yielding to the tastes and opinions of others; a compliance that refuses to interfere unreasonably with their pursuits; which will not indulge in perpetual comments upon their actions, which looks with tender charity upon all their proceedings.

Another principle is, to avoid topics that lead to disputes. Endeavor to introduce subjects upon which all can agree; or, if there be a difference of opinion, let the argument be conducted pleasantly and in good humor, remembering that dissensions, like small streams, gather as they flow. Be careful not to hint at matters upon which others are known to be sensitive, and avoid repeating or commenting upon hasty or unkind words. Ah, those terrible tongues of ours! What affections have been piqued and estranged by heedless expressions! What pestilent sloughs have been stirred with words spoken in a sudden fit of ill-humor! A sneer, a shrug, becomes a poisoned arrow that pierces the heart of one dear to us, who drifts away from us for ever. How necessary to be on one's guard, to cultivate the tender tone and gentle manner. Not only to do a kind thing, but to do it with good-will. Many a kind action misses the grateful feelings it should win by the lack of graciousness in the doing. All these are indispensably requisite to the useful art of living with others.

These, however, are but the surface rules. There are still greater essentials toward the acquisition of this great boon of life. The knowledge that you may gain by an intimate and mutual regard between yourself and another should never be used to betray their little foibles, or wound the sensitive self-love inherent in every human being. Tact in concealing this knowledge will often do more to secure social peace and regard than the greatest favors we can shower upon our associates. There is a peculiar form of self-commendation that manifests itself in unnecessary criticism, or an assumption of superior prescience, that will most surely destroy the harmony of the domestic circle. Whether it is by such provoking remarks as, "Didn't I tell you so?" or, "If you had consulted me," or in elevating the eyebrows or shrugging the shoulders when others make mistakes, rest assured it tortures them, and they will learn to fear and avoid you. The most amiable and confiding nature will shrink into itself under the microscopic eyes of a self-elected social judge, who is, either by words or actions, arraigning every one as culprits. Let us beware of indulging in a captious and criticising disposition; where we cannot conscientiously commend, we can at least be reticent. The cultivation of a genial, charitable and loving spirit will not injure any of us, and will prove of great benefit in our intercourse with others.

There are but few wayfarers on the broad path of life who walk through their journey free of grit in their shoes. Some have the rasping grit of poverty—that kind of impecuniosity which is the sorrow of those who have to keep up appearances on a little, let what may be the gasps underneath. Instead of moaning after things unattainable, and lamenting their loss, it would be better for ourselves and those with whom we live to bound our desires by their possibilities, and walk along as bravely as we can, without showing where the chafe is. Another has the grit of disappointment in various forms of the heart, of fortune, of failure in our plans. Whatever our hopes and schemes, disappointment follows like a shadow and shovels grit into our shoes by the spadeful. It has to be borne. Wry faces and loud clamor will not make it easy for us, nor pleasant for those with whom we live. We must bear in mind that the general good of the circle in which we move, as well as society at large, demands individual sacrifice; and expediency for the many does not lessen—though it may necessitate—injustice to the few.

With others the shoes of life are well filled with the fine sand of discontent. A position they deemed most desirable, and certain to bring happiness, proves, upon attainment, the very opposite. Things which look seductive in theory have a way of losing their gloss when they appear as realities, with accompaniments that do not belong to the deal, and the fact of living as a mere appendage to happier people is cutting in the extreme. This class of persons deem themselves unappreciated. Their egotism greatly misleads them as to the amount of observation and comment their actions, intellect, and some really good qualities they possess, attract from others. When they find themselves receiving only a modicum of attention, it frets them, and they take pleasure in distributing their ill-humor among the several members of the home-circle. But there are those who have to bear the keen and coarse gravel of sickness. This is hard to reduce to inoffensive dust. Pain is pain, and the grit of anguish remains sharp and angular, even under the anodyne of patience. Still we must strive for a spirit that will bear these tearing jags submissively; or our presence will be intolerable to those around us.

So varied are the circumstances that surround the lives of human beings, that it is impossible to frame rules that can be applied to all cases and conditions. Let us cultivate principles rather than emotions, and walk on steadily, trusting to time and use to wear down our stony obstacles into, at least, practicable pebbles. It will be hard, but conquest will come in the end; and our own nature will be all the grander and nobler by the very effort it has cost us; while those by whom we are surrounded will learn to respect and honor us for the courage with which we have so heroically braved our trouble, and exemplied the art of living happily with others.

WEST VIRGINIA'S CONTEST.

Interest in the Legal Fight Over the Governorship Grows More and More Intense.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 10.—The interest in the legal proceedings in regard to the contest between General Goff and Judge Fleming for the Governorship of this State is more intense and exciting than it was during the campaign. Argument on the mandamus proceeding will be heard at 3 o'clock to-morrow before the supreme court. The legislature, whose duty it to pass upon the returns, occupies its time in filibustering, and will do nothing until the legal question has been passed upon by the courts. Kanawha county gives Goff a majority of 106 votes in the State, but if this vote is not counted for Goff, Judge Fleming, his Democratic opponent, will have a majority of 1,400 in the State.

Birmingham's Big Riot.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., January 8.—The Coroner's jury which for several weeks has been investigating the shooting into the mob by the Sheriff and his posse on the night of December 8, being unable to agree on a verdict. They submitted to the Coroner majority and minority reports. Four of the jurors declare the killing to have been unlawful and two are of the opinion that it was lawful. The report amounts to nothing and is of little interest, as the Grand Jury is now investigating the cases.

Assignment at Johnston.

JOHNSTON, S. C., January 10.—Mr. Joseph Jacobs has made an assignment of his stock of goods to Mr. Charles F. Peshman for the benefit of his creditors. Poor collections were the cause of Mr. Jacobs' failure. His assets will nearly equal his liabilities. Mr. Jacobs was a small trader, and his liabilities probably do not exceed fifteen hundred dollars.

Sued by a Reporter.

FREDERICK, MD., January 10.—Alton B. Carty, one of the proprietors of the Frederick Times, to-day entered suit against Joseph D. Baker, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Frederick, for assault and battery, claiming damages. Carty is the young newspaper man who was assaulted and cow-hided in the public office of the Carlin house here last Tuesday night by Baker.

Two Men Married to Each Other.

[Anderson Journal.]

The Rev. A. Durham, of Piedmont, writes to correct a marriage notice sent in by him and published in the Journal last week. It was on Christmas day that he was deceived by Robert Dilworth and Franklin Merritt, two young men, the latter of whom was disguised in female apparel. They requested Mr. Durham to perform the marriage ceremony for them, and he complied without suspecting anything irregular. If we had a marriage license law such frivolous levity as this could not readily be indulged in by thoughtless persons.

A Stab from the Ungodly.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

The recent inquiry started by the New York Herald, "What shall we do in heaven?" has inevitably provoked a discussion which ought to be more pertinent to the editors of that sheet as to what they will do in the other place.

THE SACKVILLE-WEST INCIDENT.

The Author of the Famous Murchison Letter Tells How the Matter Was Made Public.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., January 8.—Mr. Osgookdy, author of the famous Murchison letter, whose identity was revealed yesterday, says he did not, until a few days before the correspondence was made public, have any conception of its importance in a political sense. When he did the thought of its far-reaching effects and the possible consequences to himself personally rather alarmed him. Finally, however, after a conference with a few confidential friends in Pomona, including his two attorneys, P. C. Toner and W. A. Bell, it was determined to make the letters public, and on the 19th of October the letters were brought to Los Angeles by Bell, acting for Osgoodby.

They were placed in the hands of Judge Jeff Fitzgerald, a member of the Republican State Central Executive Committee, Henry T. Gage, late delegate to the Republican National Convention, and Colonel H. G. Otis, editor of the Times, and these three decided to publish the letters without referring them to any committee, State or national, or to any other persons, as the campaign was then far advanced, and further delay was deemed impolitic. They were accordingly published on the 21st of October, in the columns of the Los Angeles Times, and soon found their way to New York.

Time Wasted with Bad Spelling.

[Prof. F. A. March in the December Forum.]

Dr. Gladstone has made elaborate investigations in the schools of England and other countries to ascertain the time devoted to teaching spelling. He finds that 720 hours at least are lost to each scholar, that an Italian child of nine years will read and spell as correctly as English children at thirteen, though the Italian began his lessons two years later. It is about the same with the Germans and Swedes. This extra time is given to civics and useful sciences. The illiteracy of English speaking nations is startling. There were 5,658,144 persons of ten years and over who reported themselves illiterate at our census of 1870, 6,239,958, at the census of 1880. The nearly illiterate are probably as many more. England is worse off than we are. But the other Protestant countries of Europe have almost none, One of the causes of this excessive illiteracy among English-speaking peoples is the badness of English spelling. The reform of spelling is a patriotic and philantropic reform.

Death of a Nonagenarian.

[Manning Times.]

Miss Esther Amelia Nettles, oldest sister of Rev. A. Nettles of this place, died at her residence near Summerville, S. C., last Sunday, January 6, in the ninety-third year of her age, having been born March 13, 1796. About a month ago in walking across the room she stumbled and fell, inflicting serious injuries from which she never recovered. She had from early childhood been a member of the Methodist Church.

Judgment Against the R. & D.

WASHINGTON, January 8.—In the Circuit Court, to-day, a judgment of $5,000 damages was rendered against the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company for the accidental killing of Guisseppe Mosco, in the disaster at what is known as "Fat Nancy trestle," some months ago.

A Clergyman of Tact.

A Colorado clergyman who was called upon to deliver the funeral sermon over a victim of Judge Lynch won the admiring gratitude of defunct's friends and at the same time built a towering monument to his tact by choosing as his text the words "The good die hung."

His Inheritance Forfeited.

NEW YORK, January 10.—William R. Foster, the father of William R. Foster, Jr., who robbed the Produce Exchange Gratuity fund some time since of $198.000, and then decamped for parts unknown, sent to-day a check for $50,000 for the benefit of the gratuity fund. In a note enclosed the old gentleman said that he had intended to divide his fortune among his children, and had concluded to give his erring son's share to the gratuity fund as a partial payment of his boy's stealings.

Much-Persecuted Mr. Limberger, of New York, Gets His Patronymic Altered.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Rudolph Limberger of Newark has succeeded in removing the unpleasantness attached to his name. He recently made application to Justice Depue to be permitted to remove the first syllable of his name so that he might be called Berger.

In his petition Mr. Limberger said that he asked for the sake of his children, who were driven from school and annoyed on the street by the constant references to limberger cheese and the nickname "cheesy." He said also that when he was introduced to a stranger his name invariably caused laughter.

An Important Rumor in Spartanburg.

[Carolina Spartan.]

It is reported that a Boston Company have purchased Otts Shoal on Tyger from R. M. Otts, with the intention of erecting a cotton mill. With the shoals is included three hundred acres of land, and for this they are to pay $16,000.